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Thursday Morning July 19, 1855

COME TO ME IN DREAMS.

BY GEORGE W. MAC ELDY.
Come in beautiful dreams, love,
Oh! come to me oft,
When the light of sleep
On my bosom lies soft;
Oh! come when the stars
In the moon's gentle light,
Beneath the moon's light,
Like the pulse of the night—
When the sky and the wave
Wear their loveliest hue,
When the dew's on the flower
And the star on the dew.
Come in beautiful dreams, love,
Oh! come and with day,
Where the whole year is crowned
With the blossoms of May—
Where each sound is sweet
As the song of the dove,
And the roses are soft
As the breathing of love,
Where the breeze like the waves,
And the waves like the breeze,
And our warm lips may catch
The sweet breath of the breeze.
Come in beautiful dreams, love,
Oh! come and with day,
Like two winged spirits
Of love and of life,
With hand clasped in hand
On our arms wings will go,
Where the starlight and moonlight
Are blending their glow;
And on bright clouds we'll linger
Of purple and gold,
Till love's angels cry
Tas bliss they behold.

[From Chamber's Journal.
THE PEARL OF CAMPAN.]

One fine morning in Autumn, I was rambling through the secluded Valley of Campan, in the Pyrenees, accompanied by the excellent curate of the district, with whom, in the course of my peregrinations, I had become acquainted, and beneath whose hospitable roof I had promised to spend the night. The scenery was wild and lovely beyond description; and having expressed my admiration of it, I added a wish to know something of the inhabitants.

"They have hearts of gold and will of iron," said my friend. "Many a touching and noble instance of generosity and self-denial have I met with amongst them. And, for example, look at that man approaching us."

He was a fine-looking fellow, of five or six and twenty, with a military air, and dressed in uniform. The lower part of his face was very handsome, and his dark sunburnt complexion suited well with the long mustache. I could not see his eyes, for the visor of his cap was drawn down so as completely to hide them from the light. Having exchanged a cordial salutation with the curate, he passed on, followed by a huge white dog, with thick fur and enormous paws. The animal belonged to a breed peculiar to the Pyrenees, and remarkable for their sagacity and faithfulness.

"Now," said my companion, as soon as the soldier had passed out of hearing, "while we walk along, I will tell you a true story, of which you have just seen two of the principal characters."

I prepared to listen with attention, and the curate commenced.

"Juan Trigoyen was born in the heart of these mountains, where the peasant has his choice of following one of two occupations—that of a shepherd or a hunter—Juan chose the latter, as his father had done before him; and a hazardous pursuit it is. Not merely has the mountain hunter to scale all but inaccessible precipices, and to brave the fury of famished bears and wolves, he is constantly exposed to be swept away by a torrent, or buried beneath an avalanche. To this latter peril Juan's father had fallen a victim. Crushed beneath a mass of snow, he perished, leaving his son no other heritage than his dog, his gun, and his grandmother Gertrude, an aged woman, unequal to the task of supporting herself. Juan at this time a fine lad of eighteen, loved his grandmother tenderly; she had always supplied to him the place of his mother, who had died in giving him birth, and he now, with a courage and resolution beyond his years, undertook the sole charge of his maintenance. He had been early trained to the chase, and success now crowned his efforts. The number of leards, eagles, and bears struck down by his hands, testified the sureness of his foot and the certainty of his aim.

Thanks to the value of these spoils, Gertrude knew no privation; but she trembled for the safety of her beloved child, and often said to him, with tears in her eyes:

"Stay close to me, Juan; you will perish some time or other, like your poor father; and what should I do left alone, without any one to love in the world?"

Then the child answered: "Calme yourself, mother; Providence will watch over me for you."

Thus did Juan work hard during the week for his own and his parent's support, and on Sunday I loved to see them entering my little church; Gertrude leaning on the arm of her handsome boy, and both joining in the prayers with the utmost devotion.

Two years had passed on and Juan was returning one day from Bagueres, whither he had gone to dispose of some game. It was winter, and the north wind blew piercingly cold; but the young hunter stepped on briskly, whistling a lively tune. Suddenly a cry of distress struck his ear, but he knew not whence it came.

"On, Cesar!" he cried, trusting to his dog's sagacity; seek it out, boy!

The docile creature set off in the direction of a thick pine grove, and his master followed; the cries became louder, and Juan recognized the voice of a female in distress. He redoubled his speed, still pursued by the dog. At length he reached an open space, and there was Cesar struggling with a wolf while on the ground by a woman, with a huge she-wolf in the act of fastening on her neck. With a shout Juan rushed forward, and at the sound the fierce creature raised her head, and fixed on him two eyeballs glowing with rage and hunger. Without a moment's hesitation, in the rapid hunter seized her by the throat with one hand, and thrusting the other into her mouth, grasped her tongue, and dragged it as with an iron vice. After a fearful struggle, he succeeded in dragging the strangled beast on the ground. This done Juan looked round to see if his faithful ally had need of assistance. No; his antagonist also lay dead, and the hunter had time to attend to the woman, who lay motionless on the ground, having fainted from excess of terror. Her deliverer raised her gently in his arms, put back the rich brown hair that had fallen over her face, and perceived that she was a young and very lovely girl. Taking a handful of snow which lay on the ground, he rubbed it on her temples, and then succeeded in putting some small bits of ice into her mouth. By degrees she revived, her eyelids unrolled, and she drew a deep sigh.

"Where am I?" she murmured.
"Safe with a friend."
"It was you, then, who saved me?"
"Rather it was Providence, who was pleased to employ my hand."

She thanked him with a look far more eloquent than words; and then with confiding simplicity, as she still felt weak, asked him to let her lean on his arm as far as her home. "I was going to the town," she said, "to sell some milk, when those dreadful wolves attacked me, upset my picher, and, but for your timely aid, and that of your good dog, would surely have devoured me."

The conversation thus commenced did not flag. Juan soon learned that Marguerite lived in the hamlet of Campan; that she was an orphan, and had no property save a small cottage, one cow, and some hens. She managed to support herself with the profits of these animals and of her spinning. Her perfect candor and her innocent beauty charmed the honest Juan; he thought that, were he possessed of all the treasures in the world, he would like to lay them at Marguerite's feet. On entering the village, the news of their adventure spread quickly; and it was easy to see, by the consequent excitement how much the young girl was beloved by her neighbors. Both young and old rushed forth to meet her; Juan was overwhelmed with thanks and praises; nor was poor Cesar by any means forgotten.

"Adieu, Marguerite," said Juan when he had accompanied her to her cottage door. "May I sometimes come to see you?"

"To whom should my door be open, if not to my deliverer?" said the young girl innocently, at the same time extending her hand to Juan. He pressed it to his lips, and hastened away.

When he reached home, he found Gertrude very uneasy at his prolonged absence. "Oh, my child!" she cried, "where have you been, and what are those stains of blood on your dress?"

Juan smiled. "Don't be uneasy, mother; this blood is not mine, but that of an enemy I killed." And he told her all that had occurred, not concealing the feelings of admiration and love which he felt for her whom he had rescued.

"Thank God, my child," said the old woman, that your choice has fallen on so worthy an object. I have often heard the beauty and virtuous industry of Marguerite commended. She is called by her neighbors the Pearl of Campan."

It never occurred to the affectionate grandmother, that the fair girl in question, could possibly be insensible to the attraction of her boy; and, indeed, the event proved that she was not far wrong. Marguerite was too innocent and frank a nature to play the coquette with him who risked his life for hers, and the preliminaries of their marriage were speedily arranged.

On the morning preceding the wedding, the sound of a drum was heard in the peaceful Valley of Campan; and the prefect of the district proclaimed the drawing of conscripts for the army. Poor Juan! his was among the first of the selected names, and at the moment the shock nearly stunned him—

however, he had been taught not to shrink from his duty, and having calmly made the necessary preparations, he drew his betrothed aside, and said: "Listen to me, Marguerite. You promised to me, I am going away for some years, perhaps forever; it is right that you should be free to give me back your love."

"And I," said the girl, "will not take it back. Whether our next meeting, Juan, will be here or in that better world to which I trust we are both looking, I will never marry any one but you."

The young man pressed her hand in silence. "But my mother!" he said at length, while two unvoiced tears rolled down his cheeks; "she is old, infirm, unable to work for her support."

"Your mother, Juan," interrupted Marguerite, "is she not henceforth mine? So long as God gives me strength to work, our mother shall not want a home."

And so, with mutual blessings and fond tears, they parted.

Cesar followed his master to the wars, and Gertrude, on the day of Juan's departure, took up her abode in Marguerite's cottage. The old woman managed the domestic affairs, while the young one carried her milk, butter, eggs, and poultry to market. In the evening, as they sat at their spinning-wheels, their conversation naturally turned on Juan: "Where is he now?"—what is he doing while we are speaking of him? Sometimes their anxiety was assuaged by the arrival of a letter, filled with hope and tenderness; but at length one came which increased their sorrow. It bore the stamp of Algeria. Juan announced that his regiment had just landed in Africa, and was immediately to march on the town of Zante, where a number of insurgent Arabs had entrenched themselves. Some sharp fighting was expected, as the rebels were known to be desperate. Under this afflicting intelligence, the two women found their only consolation in religion; in committing their dear one to the care of God. Every day, on her way to the town, Marguerite was accustomed to pause for a few minutes at the spot where she had first met her betrothed, and where during the happy days of their courtship, he had raised a rustic seat; she used to kneel beside that simple monument, and pray fervently, nor did she every arise and go on her way without feeling strengthened and encouraged.

Every evening, on their return, her first question to Gertrude was: "Has Juan written?" And the old woman would shake her head with a despairing gesture, which seemed to imply, "Juan will never write to us again!"

One day, as Marguerite was returning from Bagueres, she was overtaken by a violent thunder storm. There was no place of refuge nearer than her own cottage; and with her garments dripping, and her eyes nearly blinded by the driving rain, she hastened towards it. What did she see? A blazing lightning-stricken pile, surrounded by a terrified crowd of villagers.

"Mother!" cried Marguerite, darting onwards "where are you?"

A cry of agony from within the burning cottage was the reply.

"Mother, come! I'll save, or die with you! And before the astonished spectators could detain her, she rushed through the flames. A minute, which seemed an age of agonizing suspense, elapsed, and Marguerite re-appeared, dragging forth the pious burden, and forming with her own body a rampart against the flames. Scarcely had she allowed the woman to fall into some of the arms ready to receive her, when the heroic girl sunk down herself inanimate.

When she opened her eyes, continued the curate, she was in an apartment in my house, whither I had caused her to be carried. Gertrude and I had watched for three days and three nights by her bed, awaiting the moment of returning consciousness. Her first sensation was that of torturing pain in her face. She raised her hand to it, and felt that it was so enveloped in bandages as to leave only the mouth and eyes free. A cry escaped her lips. "Oh, I remember the storm—the flames; I am disfigured for life—is it not so?"

Gertrude and I were silent. It was but too true; the devouring element, leaving her body protected by her wet clothes, untouched, had seized on her face. The beauty of feature and delicacy of complexion, which had procured for her the graceful sobriquet, were totally destroyed.

Until the bandages were removed, it prudent to do, he could not tell the extent of the disfigurement, but that it would be very great was certain. Our silence and the tears which we could not repress, acquainted the poor child with her misfortune. She raised her eyes to heaven with a touching expression of resignation. "It is Thy will my God," she said, "but let not Juan see me thus."

"Juan!" repeated Gertrude; "we shall soon embrace him."

"Is he coming?"

"In ten days—see yourself." She handed a letter to Marguerite, which the latter read with eagerness. It was written by the hand of one of his comrades, and informed that Juan, who had received a severe wound at the siege of Zante, was now convalescent in hospital; had obtained, as a reward for his services, a cross of merit, his discharge, and pension, and would be with them in ten or twelve days at furthest.

Having finished reading the letter Marguerite fell into a profound reverie, from which neither Gertrude's fond caresses nor

my attempts at consolation could arouse her. "Oh, sir," said she at last, "it is not indeed it is not for my own sake that I value beauty, but—but how can Juan love me when he sees me in this state?" At that moment the surgeon entered, and having felt the patient's pulse, he began silently to remove the bandages. As soon as Marguerite felt that her wounds were exposed, she asked for a mirror.

"Not yet, my child; not to-day," said the doctor. "Wait till her wounds are healed, the surgeon to the old woman and myself. We did so involuntarily turning away our eyes from the sight of those swollen and mutilated features, once so lovely."

Marguerite saw and understood our movement. "Is it not so, sir?" she said to me calmly; "will it not be impossible for him to love me?"

Nine days passed on; the wounds were regularly dressed and were now nearly cicatrized. The tenth day was that of Juan's expected return; but no one ventured to speak of it. Early in the morning Marguerite rose, and prepared to go out, saying that a walk in the fresh air would do her good. I offered to accompany her.

"No, thank you, sir," she said; "my mother alone will come with me." And with one hand slightly leaning on Gertrude's arm, while the other held a small package, she went out. They walked towards Juan's rustic seat, but very slowly, for the convalescent was not yet weak.

Arriving there, she knelt down, and after a short silent prayer she turned to Gertrude, and embracing her, said: "Bless your daughter, dear mother, for the last time; you will never see her again."

"What do you mean, my child?"

"The truth. I am going away. You will say good-bye to me, my mother; and tell him that it is my very love for him that forces me to fly."

"But dear one," said Gertrude, detaining her, "you wrong our Juan; he has a noble heart, and he will love you all the better for these scars when he hears that it was in saving me from a dreadful death you received them."

"He has a noble heart," replied the girl; "and I know that he would save me, and try to make me happy; but how could I endure his averted looks—his sorrow? No, no, I shall suffer much less in suffering alone."

Just then, a well known bark was heard, and a large white dog rushed out of the woody path.

"Cesar!" cried Gertrude. "Where is your master?"

"Here he is," replied an agitated voice; and holding out one of a crowd, of which the other was fastened to Cesar's collar, a soldier appeared. "Mother! are you here? Where is Marguerite? Why don't you come and embrace your poor blind wanderer?"

"Blind!" exclaimed Marguerite; and fixing her eyes on her betrothed, she saw that his face was covered with a bandage. I cannot describe the emotions of all three; suffice it to say, that after an incredible number of embraces, Gertrude and her two children returned to the house, and we passed a delightful evening.

Here the curate stopped, and I thought his tale was ended.

"Well," I said, "I suppose the blind warrior and his betrothed—still in his imagination, blooming in all her youthful charms—were speedily united?"

"They were," he replied. "It was I who married them; but I have something more to tell you of them. Their cottage, by the willing aid of all the villagers, was soon re-built, and they removed into it. Their circumstances were very comfortable, and Juan supported his infirmity—caused he told me, by the explosion of a mine—with the utmost cheerfulness. His tenderness for his wife seemed to increase every day; and yet she was evidently not happy. She became a prey to constant melancholy, and her health and strength visibly declined. Her old friend, the doctor, visited and prescribed for her, but without success."

"My art is at fault," he said to me.—Her body suffers, but the seat of the disease is her mind. Do you try to discover what the secret which weighs on her may be, or I can not answer for her life."

And how could I apply the consolations of religion to a case of which the sufferer persisted in keeping me profoundly ignorant? Once she seemed on the point of opening her mind, but Juan entered the room, and she was silent; nor could I ever afterwards induce her to speak freely.

Meantime her bodily condition became very precarious, and Juan, who was now aware of her danger, scarcely ever stirred from her bedside. Old Gertrude, as you may suppose, was scarcely less anxious about her.

One evening when I was in the cottage; the doctor arrived; and having examined his patient, pronounced that unless some powerful reaction took place, she could not long survive. How solemn were the moments which succeeded this announcement! Poor Juan grasped convulsively the hand of his wife, while large tears streamed from beneath his bandage.

I began to exhort her on the subject of religion; and when I spoke of the mercy of her Maker, she exclaimed: "Oh, I have great need of mercy, for my conscience is burdened with a heavy load. Listen, she continued addressing us all, and tell me whether I can hope for forgiveness."

Grouped around her bed, we waited in

silent astonishment. Marguerite had raised herself in a sitting posture; her wasted arms, her disordered hair, her sunken features, her hollow eyes, gleaming with a light like that of a lamp kindling up before it is extinguished forever, lent an air of indescribable solemnity to the scene.

Placing her hand in her husband's, she said: "Juan, you remember when we separated, the promise which we made of mutual fidelity? My heart was yours, and yours was mine. Well, the terror of losing that heart caused me to commit a grievous sin. I pictured you to myself with shock, averted looks at the first sight of her who was once named the Pearl; and in the agony, the delirium of the moment, I cried to heaven: Oh, God! either give me back my beauty, or take from him his eyesight! The moment the selfish, impious prayer was uttered, I bitterly repented, and would fain have recalled it; but too late, Juan! his was granted, and I have never known since one moment's happiness."

"What!" cried her husband, "and is this the secret Marguerite, which is killing you?"

"It is."

"Then live, dearest, and be happy; your prayer was not answered."

And tearing off the bandage which covered his eyes he fell on his wife's bosom, and clasped her in a long embrace.

It appeared that the blindness which had fallen on Juan was of only a temporary nature. Under the skillful treatment of our friend the surgeon, whom he privately consulted, the power of vision began slowly but surely to return. Having, however, heard from his grandmother the whole history of Marguerite's horror at the idea of his beholding her disfigured face, he generously determined to conceal from her his cure, at least for a time. Now, however, it was suddenly revealed; and it was too late. The doctor, motioning us all away from the bed, took his patient's hand, and felt her pulse; a hopeful smile played on his benevolent lips.

"My friend," said he, turning to me, the age of miracles has not yet ceased—Marguerite is cured!"

Have the good man ceased, and after a pause, I asked, "And was Marguerite in reality so very much disfigured?"

"You shall judge for yourself."

We walked on, and soon reached a neat and pretty cottage, covered in front with a luxuriant vine. An old woman sat near the doorway spinning, and placed on a low chair by her side, a young woman was nursing an infant. Her figure was remarkably graceful, and her face, although certainly not handsome, was by no means repulsive. It was even easy to distinguish, amid the scars and scars which marked it, the vestiges of great beauty. There was a touching expression of serene tenderness shed over her features, as she looked on her child, which in my eyes completely compensated for the want of regular comeliness.

The curate advanced. "Good morning, Marguerite," he said.

"Good morning, sir," she answered, looking up with a beaming smile.

"How is baby to-day?"

"As well as possible," said the happy mother, holding up, and showing her nursing's most dimpled cheeks.

"Well, Marguerite," said the good old man, taking the innocent little creature in his arms, and kissing its tender forehead, "I could fancy this is yourself! I remember you on the day that I baptised you—Come, the Valley of Campan has not lost its Pearl—it is restored in the person of your lovely little daughter."

CURIOUS INCIDENTS.—A gentleman living near Adrian relates two singular circumstances which occurred on his farm. The first was a deadly fight among bees. A few days ago a swarm came out of their paternal hive and gathered around their young Queen in the warm sun-lit atmosphere. But instead of going to some neighboring tree or shrub, and forming a hanging cluster, as has invariably been the rule with all predecessors with whom we have ever been acquainted, they settled on a live and began a murderous attack upon the peaceful inmates. The unsuspecting workers were taken by surprise, and many of them were killed by the invaders before they became fully aroused, when the conflict became quite obstinate. The fact that most of the working bees of the hive were on gathering honey gave the new swarm all the advantage, and though the battle lasted all day, they finally triumphed. Thousands of dead bodies were dragged to the entrance and thrown on the ground each hour.

The second anecdote is of a hen and young brood of chickens, showing the strong affection existing in fowls for their young. One morning, on going out into the yard, our friend found the poor hen a mangled corpse; her neck and body dreadfully torn, as if she had been engaged in a terrible struggle. Near her lay the dead body of a weasel, picked and pounded by the bill and wings of the brave hen till he had given up the ghost—while a little further off were huddled together the peeping brood all alive, and without a scratch.

The mother had sacrificed her life to save her young.—*Toledo Republican.*

An Irishman, on being told to grease the wagon, returned in about an hour, afterward and said: "I've greased every part of the wagon, inside and out, yer honor, but by the blue hair o' Moses, I can't get at the sticks the wheels hang on, shure."

THE BLASPHEMIES OF ROME.—"Dick Tinton," the observing and able Paris correspondent of the New York Times, has been "over to Rome," and thus uncovers some of "the church's" impositions and blasphemies in that vicinity.

San Pietro in Montorio is built upon the precise spot where the Apostles were crucified, in an inverted attitude. Is a hole extending rather deeply into the ground hangs a lantern, and further down is buried the identical cross. It is never shown as, according to the sacristan, it is in a poor state of preservation, is sadly in want of repair. I have no doubt the original Mess of Potage is somewhere to be seen in Rome, kept in a sacred cubby, and covered over by a Cathedral.

A place is shown which was once inhabited by St. Dominic, the founder of the Inquisition, who received letters from Heaven, written by the Holy Trinity. However, this is of a lower order of blasphemy than that indulged in at a little old house at Siena, which produces the love correspondence of the Saviour and St. Clare. I hardly expect to be believed when I say that letters are actually shown which profess to have been written to her by our Lord. Those written by her to her husband, Jesus Christ, and to her mother-in-law, the Virgin Mary, may be seen by anybody.

The exact spot is also pointed where the Saviour and St. Clare stood when they were married, and where the wedding were put upon her finger. Of this the best modern writer in Italy, Charlotte Easton, says: "That such a legend should ever have been credited in the darkest ages of extravagant fanaticism. I could scarcely have believed; but that it should be gravely repeated as authentic in the nineteenth century, nothing, I think, but the evidence of my senses could have convinced me."

Now, in regard to all these assumptions, impossibilities and improbabilities, it must not be supposed that they are the inventions and creations of cicerones, handbooks and fanatical sacristans. The Pope is guarantee for them all, and the Church is responsible for them, one and severally. Where no evidence exists, evidence is coined or in some way trumped up, or, better than all, a papal bull declares no evidence to be necessary. The Vatican, armed with infallibility, or pronounces without appeal upon the authenticity of any relic which may be judged valuable, either for the collection of fees, and promotion church influence, or for the extension of idol worship. For instance, the "Sacred Baby," declared to be the work of St. Luke, and put forward as a miraculous healer of diseases,—for which service he makes the most extortionate charges,—is perfectly well known by the Church to be gross imposition.

Traitors.—No dwelling is so dangerous as a heart swollen with pride, lust or ambition.

If God be for us, who can be against us? If God be against us, who can be for us? To die of thirst in sight of a fountain, to have feet and never walk, to have powers and never use them, are kinds of folly quite common in religious concerns.

Thoughts even more than over acts, mark the character.

If he shall have judgment without mercy, what shall be the end of those who are tyrants in their own families?

Anarchy is worse than any despotism. It is as great a mercy to be kept from error as to be delivered from it.

If the poorest and most suffering child of God has for all his sacrifice, a hundred fold in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting, the gain of goodness must be immense.

Too Good to be Lost.—A gentleman who was recently in pursuit of "Christ Church," located in Salem street, stepped into a store in the neighborhood, and inquired of the proprietor if he could direct him to Christ's Church? The proprietor stepped to his store door, and directing the attention of the gentleman to a small spire which loomed up before him, remarked, "that spire, used to be called Christ Church, but I don't believe he's been there for more than two years." The gentleman being well acquainted with the fact, through the papers, that unhappy difficulties were of frequent occurrence in that church, was perfectly satisfied with the information, and the joke, which contained quite as much truth as poetry.—*East Post.*

Two wealthy gentlemen were lately conversing in regard to the period when they had best enjoyed themselves. "I will tell you," says one, "when I most enjoyed life. Soon after I was twenty-one, I worked for Mr. —, laying stone wall at twenty cents a day." "Well," replied the other, "that does not differ much from my experience. When I was twenty, I hired myself out at seven dollars a month. I have never enjoyed myself better since."

The experience of these two individuals, teachers, first, that one's happiness does not depend on the amount of his gains, or the station he occupies; second, that very small beginnings, with industry and prudence, may secure wealth.

Boston issues 112 papers, with an annual circulation of 54,000,000; N. York, 104 papers, circulation 73,000,000; Philadelphia 51 papers, circulation 48,000,000.

How to Succeed.

A correspondent out West, then writer of a character he has met. The reason indicated by the history of the man is one which commands itself to every person who would succeed in life. Read it:

On a small Mississippi steamer I met a very difficult character. He was a native of an Eastern State and had gone West to make his fortune. While our boat was tied to the bank for an hour we watched ourselves on a log on the shore, and he gave me an account of the course he has followed and the difficulties he has contended with. He started for the West with a small sum of money and the blacksmith trade. He went down the Ohio as a steamer passenger, reached St. Louis, thence up the Illinois till his money failed. He stopped and worked to get his purse recruited to reach a friend's house. There he worked a month to pay a man for bringing a chest from the Illinois River. Finally he reached Chicago, got a contract on the Illinois and Wisconsin canal, was getting rich, when Illinois scrip made him poorer than when he began. Then the chill and fever laid him up for a year.—Let this suffice as a specimen. At last returned to Chicago, bought enough boards on credit to make him a blacksmith shop by sticking the ends in the ground and bringing the top together. In this he began to make plows which his father-in-law wooded in a small room in the small house which he and his son-in-law had rented.—From that time he has gone steadily forward, until now his car-factories cover the principal part of two squares in the city, which he purchased one for fifteen hundred dollars and the other for some six thousand. The city is already far beyond him and by the rise of property alone he is rich, while his factories are bringing him a fine revenue.

He has accomplished his object, but concluded his narrative by saying that had he life to begin again and he "knew that by enduring all that he had undergone in hardships he would sacrifice the prospective wealth and be content with a mechanic's day wages." I believe him, as I look at a man of thirty-eight as much careworn and broken as a man of fifty.

MATHEMATICS.—The virgin sends prayers to God, but carries but one soul to him; but the state of marriage fills up the members of the elect, and hath it in the labor of love, and the delicacies of friendship, the blessing of society, and the union of hands and hearts; it hath in it least of beauty, but more of safety, than the single life; it hath more care, but less danger; it is more merry, and more sad; it is fuller of sorrows, and fuller of joys; it lies under more burdens, and supported by all the strength and love of charity, and those burdens are delightful. Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, fills cities and churches, and heaven itself. Celibacy, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in a perpetual sweetness, but sits alone, and is confined and dies in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house, and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labors and unites into societies and republics, and sends out colonies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and obeys their king, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of good things, to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

EDITORIAL WRITING.—Any one who has had to do with the press, is aware that articles in newspapers are of two kinds; namely, those which are written for a purpose not avowed, and those which are written spontaneously, from the impulse and convictions of a writer's own mind. And any one who has written articles of both descriptions is aware, further, that a man who is writing with perfect sincerity, writing with pure desire to move, interest, or convince, writes better, than when the necessities of his vocation compel him to grind the axe for a party or an individual. There is more or less of axe-grinding done in every newspaper office in the world; and a perfectly independent newspaper never existed. But when a man writes with perfect freedom, then, and only then, he writes his best.—*Life of Horace Greeley.*

MAY YOU DIE AMONG YOUR KINNEYS.—What a world of thought is called up by this simple and touching benediction!—Who has not at some time or other, breathed it at parting with some dear friend?—Who that has been a wanderer from the sunlight of his own happy home, has not felt its force and acknowledge its beauty? It is a sad, sad thing to die among strangers where the kindness of a mother and the tenderness of a sister cannot reach us; where there is no kind hand to smooth the dying pillow, no familiar voice to soothe the cold dull ear of death. O, in that hour, worlds could not buy from us one moment at home with those we love best whom we may not meet again.

An old lady possessed of a fine fortune, and noted for her penchant for the use of figurative expressions, one day assembled her grand-children, when the following conversation took place.

"My children," said the old lady, "I am the root and you are the branches."

"Grandma," said one, "What my child?"

"I was thinking how much better the branches would flourish if the root was under the ground."